

# THE COMPANION,

## AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1806.

No. 15.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.

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*The primary object which every essay should have in view, is the advancement of the interests and felicity of man.*

My Dear Easy,

WHEN the fundamental principles of society are about to be sapped by the envious tongue of malignancy, when the nightly assassin steals forth in the dark to plunge his murderous weapon into the breast of innocence and virtue; or when practices no less dear by prescription, than useful in reality, are assailed by a disorganising member of the community—to see an author step forward, as their gracious defender and preserver, is no less pleasing to the eye of the beholder, than the action is commendable in the performer. But when existing customs are shown to be productive of evils of the first magnitude; when their futility and absurdity are displayed from every position in which they have been beheld—to see a writer, wound up in the net of prejudice, and by a blind attachment to every thing hereditary, every thing ancient, endeavouring to cut away the adamant of argument by the uncorrosive medium of sophistry, is an object as worthy of commiseration, as the attempt itself is futile and preposterous. Whether there exists any analogy between this latter case and your correspondent PHILOGAMUS, we leave the publick to determine.

I did intend, sir, upon the first perusal of the production of the opponent of my “visionary speculations,” to remain silent, and let your readers place my arguments and their refutations in the balance of reason, that they might determine on which side the preponderance would fall. But a more mature consideration convinced me that my taciturnity might be considered by you as a conviction

that my opinions were erroneous. I therefore, immediately determined that your correspondent should not, without opposition, triumphantly bear off the laurel of victory; nor *Hercules-like*, daringly break the twig, which he declares adorns my forehead, and boastingly carry it as a signal of conquest, around that elevated circle in which he nobly revolves.

That early marriages were dictated by nature; that they were favourable to improvements in science and knowledge; that they formed a never-failing spring from which a plenteous rivulet of happiness would flow; that they would not only put a termination to debauchery and voluptuousness, but that the cause of morality and religion would be sensibly advanced thereby—were the arguments upon which I built my essay. It was these assertions, sir, with their demonstrations, that formed the phalanx against which he had to contend, and we hope to convince you before the close of this replication, that this engineer has not directed the thunder of his artillery to the centre of the enemy, but that it murmurs innocently and ingloriously past their ranks.

That nature pointed to the early union of the sexes, was indeed the corner-stone upon which my essay was founded. It might be called the primary, while the rest could only be considered as secondary arguments. Permit me, sir, to declare that in his examination of this argument, misrepresentation is the prevailing feature. I had hoped, from the explicit terms which I had used, that no misunderstanding could have arisen relative to my assertions; but unfortunately the case has been otherwise. If “Philogamus” had made even a superficial examination into the structure of human nature, he might have known that there is a period, in the life of man, when he passes from juvenility to maturity. The human mind is, then, as it were revolutionized. Instead of that cold affection, which it frames from observation and imitation, before the age of maturity, no sooner has this period arrived,



than this imitative affection is thrown off and a love ardent and inflammatory in its nature, arises from the internal feelings of the heart. I would ask your correspondent if that cold, forced, and formal passion which is thrust by the power, and force of imitation, into the possession of boys and girls were *sufficient* to "toss reason from her empire?" Indeed from the very use of the word reason, which in a measure, implies judgment, he must have known that my allusion could not have been to the sexes before their arrival at the period of maturity; for their judgment and powers of arrangement are so feeble, that they might, without an impropriety in language, or a contradiction of sentiment, be said to be destitute of them. Nor, indeed, does nature, before the period of which I speak, point to marriage. Your correspondent contradicts my assertion, and yet, forgetting what he has done, declares himself unable to give any reason why God has gifted us at a certain age with passions. This is but denying and asserting to the same proposition in the same paragraph. He denies that nature points to the early union of the sexes, and immediately afterwards, as though he had assented to the justice of the position, declares himself unable to account for this phenomenon. Strange indeed! He has, however, referred it to that mystery which prevails, in the ways of Providence, and considers it as far surpassing the comprehension of man. Your essayist, sir, seems to have bestowed no particle of attention to my reasonings under this head, for if he had, I will assume so much vanity as to say that he would have been far from considering this phenomenon as an act of inscrutability in the ways of the creator. He seems to think that it would be an action of the greatest profanity to attempt to advance even a single reason for the possession of our passions, or to explain to what object they immediately pointed. If this logic of his were generally adopted by mankind, it would prove a greater barrier to our advancement in learning than that monkish superstition which prevailed, so extensively, throughout Europe, upon the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the extinction of Italian greatness and grandeur. The philosopher would in vain endeavour to account for the extraordinary appearances in nature, for should his demonstrations, in the smallest point, proceed in opposition to the inveterate prejudices of mankind, notwithstanding the mode and steps of his demonstrations were strictly consonant to the laws of nature and the moral injunctions of the creator, they would instantaneously cry out, "*'Tis profanity; the ways of God are inscrutable!*"

We are told, sir, that reason opposes early matrimony.

This assertion is certainly founded on false data, for if it be established (and I trust it is in every reasonable mind) that nature points as with the finger of wisdom, as well as of truth, and discretion to the bower of Hymen soon in life, we must consider it as totally groundless, for nature is but a colossal statue built on reason. It would appear, then, that reason and nature are inseparably connected.

With your correspondent I acquiesce in opinion, when he declares that deliberation and caution are necessary in making choice of a partner for life. But, here, in sentiment, we are arrived at the parting point; for he may scrutinize her actions, he may pry into her temper and disposition; he may discover whether there exists between him and the object of his affection, a congeniality of sentiment, a native similarity of temper, and, as it were, an inborn proneness of disposition to act in consonance: He may discover what are her hopes, what her prospects in life: He may learn what are the smooth, what the rugged points in her character—and yet be bound in the golden chains of matrimony at a period much earlier than is now sanctioned by the customs, the manners and prejudices of our country. That deliberation, that caution which will require many years, which will make the lover grow gray in the labour of examination, in order to search into the character of a female, is extraneous to the sentiments and feelings of the generality of mankind. There may indeed be some cool and dispassionate lovers, who could look with the same philosophick *indifference* on the females of America as Socrates did on those of Athens, who having imbibed, in part, the principles of the *Stoick Philosophy*, or who, destitute of common penetration and sagacity, would require nearly as long a period as is assigned to the life of man to discover the springs by which the female machine is impelled to action; and when the fortunate discovery is made, alas! old age has unnerved the arm, and the original feelings with which they commenced their career are dissolved by a long immersion in the sea of life. Farewell, then to marriage and domestic comfort. Farewell then to earth and all its happy scenes. No affectionate child at hand to support them under the weight of their declining years; or if they have children, they are too small to feel the influence of parental affection, too feeble to discharge the duties of filial love and esteem. He who could by the exquisite nicety and punctiliousness of his feelings remain happy in the continual pursuit without the attainment of his object, might, in the language of Thompson,

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish and wish the soul away;



Till youth, and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of love is gone.

But under the tuition of so cold and deliberate a lecturer, liable to the chilling monitions of such a philosopher, I should prove as discontented as a SYSPHUS or a TANTALUS, nor would my sensations be singular or unexampled; for judging of human nature from observation, private and publick feeling would in this case vibrate in unison.

When that essay which gave rise to the production to which I am now writing in replication was composed, I was far from being unconscious of those arguments which might be urged in opposition to my opinion. But if your correspondent had dealt with my composition as I had reason in justice to have expected, that observation would have been unnecessary. "In Sidney's rage," says he, "for advocating what he has advanced he considers *only* the arguments which might be urged in favour of it, *while he was quite unconscious of what might be advanced in opposition.*" Sir, if your correspondent had been unwilling to have hurried on to the termination of a paragraph without examining its introduction, he would have found a prominence in the exordium whose projection would have prevented it from escaping common observation. He would, there, have discovered the following sentence, which was indeed the pivot upon which the whole succeeding reasoning turned. "*The enemy of early marriages will tell you, that they resist improvements in science and knowledge.*" Strange and paradoxical, however, as it may appear, he proceeds to the consideration of the argument, and declares that love has in my essay been pronounced a serious evil. But upon a closer examination I am convinced that he will find no such sentiment there expressed. It has always, and I trust shall ever be my opinion, that *Love* is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy. Contrary also, sir, to the sentiment of your correspondent I would say, that the sensation of love is felt equally in the cloistered room of the grave philosopher, whose mind has arrived to the very acmé of illumination, as in a tumultuous assembly, where ignorance and stupidity are the prominent features. Can genius indignantly turn its back on love? Can talents improved and polished by the politest education cast the lovely female from its sight? No!

For woman has the power to charm,  
And beauty all men can disarm.

—ANACREON.—

Men of poverty, in our country, whether married or unmarried, could not expect to live by the exertion of their talents alone; because genius does not here meet with

such exalted patronage as in some other countries; so that in either case their situations would be precisely the same. It is only from that point where there are talents and property to support its exertion that we can look for productions with which to adorn the temple of science.—When a man of genius possesses property, the cares of a family need not distract him: he may therefore employ his whole time and talents in the acquisition of literary fame. When in possession of the object of his earthly adoration, his love settles down into an easy, a pleasurable affection; his mind is undisturbed by the apprehensions and alarms resulting from a juvenile and uncertain attachment, and he remains unenslaved by the predominant sway of other passions, at liberty to pursue that literary path which will lead him to immortality.

It would appear, then, sir, that the force of the argumentation in my former essay remains undiminished by the elaborate observations of your correspondent. The assertion that science has more to depend on from the labours of unmarried men than of those that have been crowned with the myrtle of Hymen, runs directly contrary to the experience of the present age and the history of former times. It will require then only the perusal to meet with a refutation in the minds of your readers.

But your correspondent has found a paragraph in which no argument can be discovered. He beholds a flower from which no honey can be extracted. He has entered a garden luxuriantly decorated, which, upon first view, enraptures and delights the senses, but upon a more extensive and accurate observation he sees thorns and thistles rising promiscuously to ensnare the beholder and admirer; in fine he has entered a room where elegantly gilded blank books display their empty pages, from which he in vain endeavours to collect an idea. But let us turn from this flowery field of disappointed expectation; let us turn from this scene painted with the deep-died colours of an overheated imagination, and view that paragraph as it really stands. It was there said that by entering at an early period of life into the matrimonial state, a man had an opportunity of beholding his offspring grow up in usefulness to their country; that he might behold them established and settled in life, which would, in the hour of death, diffuse over the mind a tranquil contentment. Is this argument of no weight in the consideration of the question? Does he not enjoy this happiness in exclusion of all others? Can it in justice be said that he whom the autumn of life has conducted to the sacred altar of matrimony can be able before the snows of winter are dissolved, to behold his offspring arising from the tender years of infantile imbecility? What



then will be the consequences? Filled with the most tender impressions for those to whom he has been the cause of existence, & anxious for their future happiness, but dreading their destiny, infelicity must hold a despotic sway over his mind when he knows that a few hours must determine his fate, & consign them perhaps without a pilot to the storms of a merciless world. No friendly ray of hope breaks in upon this scene of misery. No star appears in the east to foretel a diminution of the tempest. Death lays his hand on the head of the enfeebled father—he sinks—but as he dies his eyes are closed in beholding the vessel in which his little children had just then embarked, agitated by the convulsions of contending elements.

The declaration that parents if they marry early in life will be unable to superintend the education of their children, is but a libel on human nature. At what age is the judgment of man sufficiently ripened? At what period of life do his ideas arrive at a proper degree of maturation to direct the education of his children? Let it be specifically defined. At thirty? at twenty-five? The admission of either of these periods will not form even a shadow of objection to early marriages. At the termination of twenty years of our life, is the period which I have always considered as the most proper for entering into the matrimonial state. Let then, the judgment of the father ripen as his child advances in years. And when he arrives at the age of five, or ten, according as your correspondent will make twenty-five or thirty the period of life when human-penetration and sagacity commences, he may, be directed by the wisdom of the parent into the proper path of education. If in the first five or ten years of life an error of judgment in the parent has directed his offspring into a circuitous path, the twig is yet sufficiently tender to be bent. It would seem, then, sir, that without a solecism the advocate of early marriages might embrace the sentiment of Pope, which your essayist has quoted:

'Tis education forms the tender mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

By such parents I contend that the deformity of vice may be painted in colours sufficiently striking to affright the youthful imagination. Does he speak of virtue? Where a defect of common talents are not visible he may deck her in her golden garments and introduce her to his offspring; they will follow her ways as if led by the power of enchantment.

Preceding observations have rendered wholly unnecessary any comments that might otherwise have been made with propriety in this place, for it has been shown that we may embark early in life, on the ocean of matrimony,

without being engulfed in the vortex of precipitancy. Your correspondent has, I confess, evinced his candour in acknowledging that the misery and discontent which result from early marriage happen but seldom. The observation, indeed, and reason of mankind must have proven that instances of dissatisfaction are much more numerous where marriage has been contracted late in life.

Your essayist, sir, has been peculiarly unfortunate in the object which he has chosen as the foundation of his concluding reasoning. Logicians inform us that the *argumentum ad vericundeam* (for such is his argument termed) should never be used unless where the person who is the foundation of it, is distinguished as well for his goodness as his wisdom, for his benevolence as his active humanity, and whose authority is so high in the literary world that we scarcely dare oppose it. Whether these qualities be attributable to Lycurgus, his actions will readily evince. His sanguinary statutes, though they might give the state an external show of prosperity, stand an immovable barrier between him and humanity. Were not the rigour of his despotic laws such that we might oppose them without offering any violence to the feelings of mankind? But if indeed the reasoning were just, if the Spartan legislator were a proper object for his argument, still his law operates by no means against us. I never asserted, nor did I intend that we should be led before the years of maturity to the altar of Hymen. His argument was founded solely on an erroneous idea of my sentiments.

Thus, sir, have I endeavoured to defend my essay against the attack of "Philogamus." I fear I have trespassed too far on your paper, but the importance of the subject must plead my excuse. You will I am confident be the more willing to insert this defence when you find that no acrimonious matter has found a place in it, and when I declare that on this subject my lips shall be forever sealed.

SIDNEY.

Harford County, January 28, 1806.

#### A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Concluded from page 111.)

Duplase received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awaked him,—Pardon said he, my dear patron, this necessary intrusion! Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the townhouse, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you in-



curred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise however, and the temptation to betray you is great.—I forbore to apprise you of these matters last night, for fear of discomposing you.—Alas, while I endeavoured to appear cheerful, in honour of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account.—Haste, my beloved friend, escape for your precious life!—A short repast, with other matters, are prepared for your departure; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers—such I trust they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaise, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he gratefully regarded those who approved their regard for it. He straitly embraced his host. I thank you, my friend, said he; but I will not take the advantage of your hospitality. You are a subject, you are in office; do your duty to your sovereign, and the laws of your country: I resign myself to your custody. I knew I was a lost man; but I will console myself in hoping, that my depression may be the mean of exalting the generous Duplaise.

Duplaise, for the first time, turned an eye of resentment and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus, he cried, another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor?

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaise, the law of self-preservation must constrain you to deliver me up to justice; your own life will, otherwise, be the forfeit of my escape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaise, that it even be so! with what transport should I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how desirable! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiment of my inmost soul! cried Valvaise, be it so!—you have conquered—it is but just, that the greater virtue should triumph over the less.—He then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stript from his own hat, and given to his favourite; accept of this, my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrancer! When you shall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaise was once among the living.

Duplaise at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation; and, thrusting the gift back with

with a nobly averted hand, Talk not to me, he cried, of tokens and remembrances: is there aught I eat, a respect I receive, any object, I see about me, that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaise smiles in their smiles, and comes to my heart in the midst of their caresses. O, my friend, my beloved, even next and near to my God! I feel no irksomeness no weight under your many obligations; the burden is light and delightful unto me; and the sense of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaise put on with such speed, that, ere it was turned of noon, he had gained upward of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of caption or pursuit.

His principle attendant then rode up, and taking out a purse stuffed with gold of different coins, My lord, said he, your friend Duplaise enjoined me not to present you with this, till the distance should put it past your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys by your liberality.

Valvaise, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus; but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Christiern presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow student without a visit.

Christiern welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy surpassing those of Duplaise, and with respects befitting none save his king or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaise deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him, and, taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Valvaise, however, was unsuspecting of treachery in the case, till he was awakened by sixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely hastened him to rise; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a close carriage, and sat out in the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, disconsolate Adelaide pined in secret during the absence of her beloved, and the hidden malady began to prey upon her health and her complexion. At length she heard of the fatal orders that had issued against her Valvaise, and, casting all concerns save those of her passion aside, she hurried to court, and precipitately cast herself at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were



present save the officers in waiting, who kept a respectful distance.

The king was at once surprised and affected by the suddenness of her appearance, and the distress of her action. He would have spoken, but was prevented. Ah, my liege! she exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in store for those who wish to lay down their lives for his sake, what recompence does he keep in reserve for traitors? I understand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaise also is a traitor; he confesses himself a traitor; he was seen in your embraces!—That may be, my lord: but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaise—Let him give me your heart, and I will give him my kingdom.—Ah, my lord, it is a worthless heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it you, with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and soul also. I wooed him for myself, he wooed me only for his master; and when I would have retained him by my tears and caresses, he rent himself from my arms, and vowed, at his departure, that could I have joined heaven to the offer of my person, he would not accept an eternity of bliss at the cost of a single act of infidelity to Adolphus.

O, Adelaide! exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he, alone, can deserve the whole treasure of your affections! I wish to be just, and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved, he loved you with passion, while he tore himself from you: but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breast so noble as his, surpassed even his love of Adelaide.

In that instant, the caitiff Christiern broke into the presence. Audacity sat on his brow, and self-approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty; but quickly raising again to the top of his stature, he confidently addressed the throne.

So please you, my liege, you now behold before you the most loyal, the most attached of all subjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, sinks all other duties, all other considerations. Valvaise and I were bred together from our infancy; we were fellow students, sworn brothers: his friendship procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or possessions. He lately came to my house, claimed the protection of my roof, and, in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your displeasure. But as soon as I understood that he was obnoxious to my king, and that the royal proclamation had issued against him, I became a Sampson in my allegiance; I rent all other ties

and obligations to shreds; I had him seized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the sentence that your justice shall pass upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, sat in silent astonishment: he was shocked, he was terrified. He looked on Christiern with a disgusted and indignant eye, as somewhat newly started up, some horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws divine and human, that the bursting in sunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendship, of confidence and hospitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favour of Adolphus? He who feels not these ties, can have no faith, no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his God.—Here! take this miscreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thousand fathom deep, from the detesting face of the sun; and let all, who are of his blood, be banished our dominions for ever, lest Sweden should shortly be over-run with monsters!

Pale, speechless, and aghast, stood the wretched convict. Eagerly they seized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution; so odious and so unpitied, even in misery, is the guilt of ingratitude!

The king then ordered the prisoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet slavishly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearless, but modest and dejected; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raise his eye to the face of a master, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, said the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injustice of his orders? Blessed be the orders, returned Valvaise, that give me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord.

Then suddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he started and changed. Ah madam, he cried, you are here then.—Heaven be praised! You have, questionless, reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart, where excellence claims the whole, entire and undivided, and where all that we are and that we have is due.—But then I see you not, where I trusted you should soon be exalted; I see you not on the throne, or at the side of our master.—Would you wish then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival?—From my soul, I wish it, my lord; because I love her happiness, even more than I love her person.

Adelaide, said the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to step and unbind the prisoner, and restore him to the arms and to the bosom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart,

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her aspect all in a glow, set about her commission; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haste to set him at liberty.

The monarch then descended, and advancing with opened arms, he clasped and re-clasped Valvaise to his breast. O, welcome, thrice welcome, he cried, to thy late desolate mansion, thy seat within my bosom!—Adelaide has told me all; has borne incontestable testimony to your truth, to an honour that is impassable, to a virtue that rises above seduction, to a friendship that sacrificed whatever you held most dear to the interests of the man who puts his confidence in you.—What shall I do, my brother, to recompense your love?—I will try—I will strive to emulate the nobleness of your example.—I will, in my turn, subdue my own passions.—I will restore to your generosity, what I held dearer than empire, dearer than life.—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king, by resembling Valvaise.

Long silence ensued.—Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaise, in search of the inmost emotions of his soul; and finding them conformable to the generosity of her own sentiments,—No, my lord, she cried, Valvaise will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections shall be supremely happy; till you have found to yourself an Adelaide, whose heart is undivided, who is wholly worthy of you by the constellation of her excellencies.—I first learned to love, by admiring, in Valvaise, that fealty, that fervour of affection which he had for his master; and could he taste of consolation while you tasted of regret, he would instantly lose the charm by which he engaged me; I should despise, I should reject him.—No no, it cannot! we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our last parting, to keep separate for your sake; and not to accept of any happiness, save what virtue and the consciousness of acting nobly might yield.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECTOR has induced us to withhold from our readers an essay with which they would have been pleased, but for the interference of his private note to the Editor. Tho' we regret the (*temporary we hope*) loss of this writer's friendly contribution, yet we are happy in the prospect of being aided by such as would not, knowingly, commit the character of this work. It is the indispensable duty of the Editor to preserve his pages from the indignity of private slander; and he is truly thankful for the timely hint from Corrector, saving us at this time from falling into an error, which, more than any other, we are studious to avoid.

EMILY'S "Pastoral" is received. So sweetly does Aminta sing in the vale of contentment, that we envy the happiness of the much favoured Lorenzo. Sing on, dear girl, and delight us with thy simple verse; so shall our readers thank thee.

PALÆMON, on a favourite subject—and AMY, in reply to Cælebs, will receive due attention.

The replication by SIDNEY, in this number, will afford pleasure to those readers who are not *afraid of a long paper*. Free from pedantry and far-fetched terms, yet far above the vulgar style, this defence will be esteemed by every lover of elegant composition.

From some member of the *Clod* family, we have received a poetic account of the blasphemous proceedings and mad revelry at a certain club whose nocturnal feats redound much to the credit of a christian community, and whose *edifying* example tends directly to

—"Teach the young idea how to shoot"—

and the young Bachanal how to drown all of religion, all of morality, all of decency, in the midnight bottle. This production will no more suit the character of our paper than does the hero described comport with our idea of propriety.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following Epistle, written by PHILIP T. FENTHAM, at that time in N. Orleans, was addressed to his brother in Philadelphia, and is now first published by permission of a Lady, whose correct taste has snatched from oblivion this bold testimony against a barbarous oppression.

N. Orleans, June 5, 1790.

E'er yet, by fate severe, condemn'd to roam  
A mournful exile from my native home;  
E'er envious fortune on this joyless spot  
In evil hour had fix'd my wretched lot,  
How small a part of all life's load of care  
Had bounteous heav'n allotted to my share!  
Strong, with the morn, from nature's due repose,  
To useful labour, light as air I rose,  
Without a thought to give my bosom pain,  
While health and youth danc'd high in ev'ry vein;  
Or, happy, when the day's long toil was o'er,  
The mind unbending felt its cares no more,  
How sweet the ev'ning-moments to improve,  
With female beauty, innocence and love!  
Dear scenes, where mem'ry ever loves to dwell—  
Heart-rending thought—I've bade you all farewell!  
Farewell, ye virtuous Fair, who first refin'd  
The native roughness of my youthful mind;  
Whose social converse unresisting stole,  
And tun'd each genial feeling of the soul;  
Who taught my infant muse her playful pow'r  
To sooth, with song, the melancholy hour!



Now seas between us, keep you from my view—  
Friends—parents—brothers—sisters—all adieu!

Yet whatsoe'er my future steps await;  
If want or plenty be the doom of fate;  
Whether in decent competence and ease  
Adown the stream of life I sail in peace;  
Or poverty's bleak blasts my limbs invest,  
Or tempests beat on this poor aching breast,  
For you my pray'rs shall reach you blest abode,  
The starry throne of gentle mercy's God;  
Till Heav'n, though inexhaustible its store,  
Must cease to give—and I, to ask for more.

How oft, in youth, impatient of controul,  
Would expectation count as minutes roll;  
How oft I sigh'd and panted to attain  
The mighty period that knock'd off the chain,  
When, free to act, accountable to none,  
The World—th' extended World—was all my own.  
Ah! thoughtless boy! too eager to engage  
In the sad scenes of life's perplexing stage,  
Though far at first the prospect seems, and gay,  
Some tragic act, at last, winds up the play.

Where are those hours which lately could impart  
The glow of rapture to the yielding heart?  
Where are those joys by Fancy's pencil drawn—  
Gay days of hope, that shone with splendid dawn?  
Too long was reason, to conviction blind,  
All, all are fled, nor leave a trace behind.  
Days fill'd with care, and nights devoid of sleep,  
The sad alternative of toil—I weep.  
Is this the envy'd state I eager sought?  
Good heav'n! how dear the wretched period's bought!  
Still retrospective as a look I cast  
On all the tenour of my moments past;  
Too busy mem'ry, to my sorrows true,  
Hides ev'ry thorn, spreads ev'ry flow'r to view.  
Till the heav'd bosom can sustain no more,  
And the full heart sweats blood at every pore.

Yes—wheresoe'r I turn my aching eyes  
O'er life's rough road, fresh scenes of sorrow rise:  
And if mine own are hush'd in calm repose,  
For others' griefs th' unwasted current flows.

Lo! where expos'd to all the blaze of day,  
With nought to shelter from the scorching ray,  
The wretched Negro, with unwilling toil,  
Tills for a thankless lord a foreign soil:  
Nor dares though bounteous Nature's lavish hand  
With rich luxuriance crown the fertile land,  
Pluck, at fierce hunger's pressing, loudest call,  
A single ear—the tyrant claims them all:  
But tam'd beneath the whip, and aw'd by fear,  
Stifles his groans, and checks the rising tear.  
Heav'ns! how can nature such sad conflicts bear;  
How can the breast support such dumb despair?  
Curse on the barb'rous and unfeeling train  
Who, what by force they take, by cruelty maintain.

Ah! yonder see where naked, stretch'd, and bound,  
The suffering slave in anguish bites the ground.  
Hear how he begs for mercy: gracious God!  
Will not his cries ascend thy blest abode?  
Will not thy dreadful vengeance, one day hurl'd,  
O'ertake and root such monsters from the world,

Who, lost to all that's human, dare defy  
Thy sacred attribute, and tempt the sky?  
Poor sons of sorrow—yes—there will appear  
An awful day, when they shall learn to fear;  
When slavery no more shall wail her lot  
And precedence of colour be forgot;  
When pride shall find 'twill be no longer sin  
To wear a deeper tincture of the skin:  
Then shall your griefs subside, your pangs be o'er  
And Fiends in human form torment no more.

Thou, *Pennsylvania*, freedom's blest retreat,  
Canst boast of all that's good, and all that's great;  
Where ev'ry social, ev'ry generous plan  
That binds in lasting union, man to man;  
Where virtue, thro' the world an exile driv'n—  
Has drawn, at last, each smile of fav'ring heav'n;  
Thy sons disdain not with industrious hand  
To improve the riches of their native land:

By force unjust they greatly scorn to seize  
Man's birth-right—*Freedom*—to support their ease:  
There slavery first beheld the shameful yoke  
Thrown off, and all her galling shackles broke;

That godlike spirit which from sire to son  
Thro' every breast with sacred ardour run;  
Which taught them first to spurn the servile chain  
That Britain strove to bind—but strove in vain;  
Gave them to feel for Afric's wretched race,  
Bade Int'rest yield and Justice take her place;  
Gave all to live beneath her equal sway,  
Free as the breath of Heav'n; or light of day.

Why was I tempted from thy shores to roam  
When ev'ry wish impels the Wand'rer home?  
Why have I launch'd into a world of care,  
When peace and plenty ever flourish'd there?  
Hard is his lot whose sterile fortune proves  
The means to force him far from what he loves;  
And such (but hush, my soul! nor dare repine)  
Such sterile fortune, gracious Heav'n—is mine.  
Perhaps with years of pain and anguish bought,  
So hope would prompt, tho' reason check the thought.

In those lov'd scenes of innocence and peace  
I yet may dwell, and all my wand'rings cease;  
I yet, if Heav'n, the pious wish approve,  
May pay the mighty debt of filial love;  
Bask in my parents' fondness, sooth their cares,  
And gently lead them down the slope of years;  
Steal all the burden of their anxious hours,  
Prop their declining age, and strew their path with flow'rs;  
Close, in a good old age their weary eyes,  
Then follow too, and join them in the skies.

Ah! whence, so sudden heav'd the lab'ring sigh?  
Why does the tear burst forth from either eye?  
Down, busy, meddling thought! be calm, be still;  
Thou, *Fortitude*, my grief-torn bosom fill!  
Come, with thy rugged power, and steel my breast,  
By nature's weakness long, too long, oppress;  
Teach me my fate (hard, arduous task!) to bear  
Without a sigh, a murmur, or a tear,  
The various changes to my lot assign'd,  
To meet with firm resolve, and steady mind;  
Till all my wand'rings—all my trials past—  
Seal'd in eternal sleep, I rest from care at last.

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